

## BILL NYE.

Sealed Proposals from American Girls Invited—"Marrying Clothes" Furnished by the Trust to the High-born Paupers of Europe—Options on Twenty Titles Already Secured.

Money will buy almost everything but contentment and history. When we seek to purchase these articles, there is bound to be more or less dissatisfaction. We may buy the armor of dead crusaders and bring to Milwaukee the windmills and memorial windows of the deceased past, but the glory that accumulates about an old and honored name and the content which follows a duty well done cannot be bought at any price.

Lately, however, an attempt has been occasionally made to swap the American dollar for the foreign title and with more or less success. The great trouble seems to be that the disagreeable details and preliminaries cost more than the title. Acting on this suggestion, I have decided to establish a Title Trust and Intelligence office with branches in New York, London, and Paris. Promoters will aid the trust in the heretofore disagreeable task of swapping currency for titles, so that the long tedious job of rooting about among the ruins of old families all over Europe for high-bred paupers, may be almost entirely avoided.

Again, as it is now, titled young men abroad do not market themselves with the same skill or to the same advantage that they might if they would establish and maintain rates. Titled people, like literary people, do not know how to get the best prices for their wares, and so lose good bargains.

Now, my idea is to buy up all the broken-down bachelors who are titled, with the understanding that each is to furnish an abstract of title to the trust and bind himself to stand ready to respond to a cable or night message and marry such person or persons as the board of directors shall have decided upon.

Marrying clothes will be furnished by the treasurer on an order from the board, counter-signed by the president. A circular now being prepared for circulation this winter through seminaries and next summer at the watering places, will more fully set forth the plan of the association.

We already have options on nearly twenty titles which will give us a good start and place the scheme on its feet. All business will be done on a percentage, viz.: a percentage from the bride and also a percentage on the dowry at the time of its payment to us.

We also have the names of descriptions, together with certified checks, from three or four American young women who are now examining our goods and who hope to deal with us.

I am not permitted to use names, and so have substituted fictitious ones in the description here given, but I will print briefly a few words regarding our list both of names in stock, and of the purchasers.

Miss S. Swatthammer, the only daughter of Col. Jasper Swatthammer, a wealthy manufacturer and upholsterer of Swatthammer's Maroon Colored Sausage, for internal use, will offer in certified check or approved paper, \$250,000 for a new or second hand duke in good repair. She is five feet nine inches high, with sorrel hair and perfectly sound. She cannot cook or sing much, but is a good roadster, and has a dog with which to begin housekeeping. She is very fond of pets but her teeth are still good.

Miss Perle Briggs, an only child aged 47 years, will trade a good cattle ranch and a tough old heart for a bright little duke who does not know very much. She is "dark completed," she says, and loves her home. She has 1,100 head of range cattle and has just received an invoice of choice Texas trail cattle. She gets along well without affection and sits jumptily in the saddle with one heel under each flank of her horse. For five years she rode unarmed over the plains hoping to be captured by some lawless man, but as soon as the lawless men saw her they went to another territory. She can hold a Texas cow with one hand and milk her with the other, and she sometimes sings a little, accompanying herself on the accordion.

Miss Violet Beard would be willing to trade a cranberry marsh in Burnett county, Wisconsin, for a count who loves his home and knows how to pick cranberries for market and run errands. The marsh would be delivered at the altar if desired. It is well fitted up with cabins for pickers, and nicely arranged for flooding the vines during the summer. Miss Beard is four feet nine inches in height, and wears a corset that would fit a horse or a bee hive very well indeed. She has had little schooling, but is self-made, with the exception of her Sunday topee, which was made for her in St. Paul.

Miss Precious Johnson, a two-headed colored girl who has been for some years in the museum and freak industries, will swap a plantation in Mississippi and an accordion, for a good duke who is accustomed to the care of horses. Permanent job for a duke who knows his business and is not afraid of work. Miss Johnson would be a trustworthy husband and would trade a trusty husband who is used to the care of children. She is a little below the medium height, with dark, glossy hair, rather inclined to curl. She has traveled a good deal and sings easily with both voices. She has sung for several crowned heads, and wears a decolette dress for evening, cut V. shape and filled in with some dark material. Miss Johnson values her plantation at \$150,000, and would want a duke that could take the lead as a cotton hoist, also break colts or do light housework.

I have only space for a partial list of titled subscribers who have already sent in their photographs and abstract of title, with crest of the owners. Every mail, however, is bringing let-

ters in answer to our circular sent abroad, and by the holidays business will be humming, I think. Fictitious names, of course, are given, because we cannot betray the business entrusted to us, in my opinion, an opinion I may say, in which I am joined by the president of our board, Mr. C. P. Huntington.

Lord Recompense Von Sniffen is a stout-built man of middle age who has been robbed of his wife four times. His title extends back nearly as far as the mortgage on his house and lot. He is of a sandy complexion with a bright red beard. This he wears full, in order to have it harmonize with his habits. He was wounded by a double barrel shot gun at one time, but it gives him no inconvenience at all, especially while standing up. He dresses plainly and eats opium between meals.

The Baron de Rumsey has a title in soak, which he can regain by putting up \$85,000 and interest. He will consider proposals from a bright, young American girl with that amount of ready money, provided she does not care for inordinate affection. The baron is 53 years of age, well preserved—in alcohol. He has traveled a good deal, mostly on foot late years, and can wait on table or take care of a furnace. He has spent two years in Switzerland both as porter and head waiter and can talk well on hotel life on the continent. He speaks two languages and also understands the barber business.

Lord Peasod is young, scarcely 19 years, but desires to realize on his title at an early date. He does not pine so much for affection, but writes us that he has had hardly anything to eat for nearly a year. He would like to receive overtures and a sack of flour from a wealthy American family as soon as possible. It must be early, as the offer will not be held open long. The daughter of a provision and grocery dealer, or ham and bacon fancier, would be desirable. Lord Peasod has a kind heart, is simple in his tastes, and draws a little when he talks. His photograph shows a young man who may know something later on, but has not given his attention to it yet. His title is clear but his brain is not. He may be often discovered by himself, wondering where he has left his thinker. A good strong-minded girl say 85 years of age, with a butcher shop and a watermelon patch, has a glorious opportunity here to win a young heart such as it is, and become at the same time Lady Peasod. He is tired of living on a crest with fried mush three times a day. His crest consists of a tape-worm, rambunctious on a field, devastated, over a sausage recumbent. His brains were once said to be in good working order, but they have worked so long now while the weather is warm, that he lately has to sprinkle chlorides on them while thinking.

Count Aleck Chessman, surnamed Aleck the Smart, considers sealed proposals from American girls or widows up to 12 o'clock on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1893. He sets no price on his title but will close with the best offer, our Bureau to receive its percentage both from the count on his receipt of the dowry and from the title on receipt of the title. This is cheaper than watering place jockeying, and avoids newspaper gossip during the preliminaries. Count Aleck the Smart is a divorced gentleman of culture without means. He has published a hand book of modern vices which shows his wide range of experience. It is now in its ninth edition and may be procured of any bookish dealer. He is a medium size man with the low, retiring forehead of the catfish and the heavy set mouth of the hippopotamus. He dances well and drinks other people's whiskey almost exclusively. Yet his title runs back as far as the eye can reach and his price is fair enough under the circumstances. The ladies he has heretofore married have agreed not to molest him in the future provided he will abstain from marrying them any more.

Count Aleck the Smart has tasted every pleasure in life with the exception of being a gentleman for fifteen minutes by the watch. He readily eats anything he can overtake and says either and nyther in society. I would be glad to receive any and all correspondence relating to this new Trust with which I may be favored, and trust that the Trust may work incalculable benefit to both our own country and the tottering dynasties of the Old World. All letters should be addressed to me personally and will be regarded with the strictest confidence, as I shall not allow any one to see them except my wife.

N. B.—We will not offer anything on a title which is backed by nothing but a half pound seal ring and a rubber stamp crest for marking linen. We must have abstract of title or there will be no trade. In a year from now we propose to control the duke business absolutely. Will you attend to this matter now or will you wait till prices have advanced? Please do not send certified checks to Mr. Huntington. They will receive much more prompt attention if sent direct to me, and if no deal is made I will return the money after awhile.

BILL NYE.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

One day I saw Mr. Bowser stop in front of the house and give it a careful looking over, and when he came in I asked:

"You are not thinking of making any repairs, are you?"

"Well not exactly repairs, but I was just thinking that I could make a great improvement."

"How?"

"The paint hasn't held its color, and I think I shall have the house gone over again—just a light coat, you know."

"Mr. Bowser, this house was painted only six months ago. At that time we had half a dozen men about here for nearly a month."

"Yes, but the color has faded."

"Didn't I warn you at the time that it would fade? And didn't everybody laugh at the idea of your putting pea green on a red brick house?"

"No, ma'am, they didn't! Everybody complimented my taste. I've had a dozen people of cultivation and taste tell me that it was perfect harmony, and that there was nothing

in town to match it. But it's just like you. Whenever I desire to make an improvement you are the drag on me."

"But let it go until spring, anyhow."

"Mrs. Bowser did you ever hear the word 'economy'?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you evidently do not understand what it means. It means, in a broad sense, to sell where you can sell the highest and buy where you can buy the cheapest. The painting season is about closed, lots of men are out of work, and I can get this house painted now \$40 cheaper than next spring. Isn't \$40 worth saving?"

"Yes, but the house doesn't need it."

"Not in your judgment, perhaps. People who are brought up in log houses in the country have tastes peculiarly their own. The house will be painted."

He crossed his hands under his coat tails, paced up and down the sitting room, and, of course, I sank into insignificance and dropped the subject. Two days later four or five hard-looking fellows with paint on their clothes came up and looked the outside of the house over. At brief intervals they consulted together and made figures on the back gate. At other brief intervals they measured the width and length of the house with a tape-line. After three hours hard work they came to a conclusion of some sort and then went out to the barn to rest their tired brains and wait for Mr. Bowser to appear. When he came home he confabbed with them for half an hour, made more figures on the back gate, and finally told them to go ahead.

"They won't make the least muss around," he said as he came in. "They'll skim right over in about two days, and you'll hardly know they have been here."

It was useless to say anything after the bargain had been made, and so I held my tongue. Next morning a wagon came with three long ladders, two short ones, four step-ladders, two saw-horses, twenty-two paint buckets, four pails, and so many cans and brushes that I got tired of counting them. I expected to see fully fifteen painters come with the outfit, but ten must have got lost on their way up. The five were enough, however, to take the possession of the barn, the kitchen, and the basement.

"Looks as if they wouldn't be over a day and a half," said Mr. Bowser as he started off down town.

It looked to me as if they meant to take a whole week for it, and I went out to interview the boss on the subject. He did some more measuring with a tape line, put down some more figures on the back gate, counted his long and short ladders over and finally replied:

"I did say two weeks at first, ma'am, but if the weather holds good I think twelve days will see the last of it."

"Twelve days?"

"Not over thirteen anyhow!"

"Are you doing this by the job?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. Some of the scrubs take jobs and rush 'em through and cheat folks in the most horrible manner, but we don't. We work by the day and do our work well."

Then began a circus which lasted just seventeen days without a change of programme. Every painter went down into the basement to inspect the walls of the house. The were gone just half an hour. When they reappeared they inspected the interior of the barn, and were invisible for a long hour. Then they came out and managed to raise a ladder against the side of the house. They might possibly have raised another during the forenoon, but one of them fortunately observed that the first ladder was a little shaky. This brought about a consultation, and the ladder was taken down and inspected. By a vote of three to two, it was decided that one of the rungs was loose. Then the five put in just an hour and a half hunting for hammer and nails, glue-pots, wedges, crow-bars, jack-screws, pile-drivers, and other articles deemed necessary to make repairs. When Mr. Bowser came home to dinner not a thing had been done in the way of painting. I complained of this, but he replied:

"Oh, give them a show. They have got to get ready. When once they start they will move like a cyclone."

"Why did you hire them by the day?"

"To get good work."

"During the afternoon the painters raised another ladder, mixed about a gallon of color, drank four pints of Mr. Bowser's bottled beer, and carefully inspected and gave each other their individual opinions on the age and nationality of the kitchen girl."

Half an hour before Mr. Bowser came home one of them carefully and cautiously ascended a ladder, painted a portion of a bracket and came down and went over on the back street to see how it looked. The others went over to help him, and none of them were seen again that afternoon.

The second day was but a slight improvement on the first and it was four days before one could see that any work had been done. Then Mr. Bowser concluded he didn't like the color, and he had it changed. He was earnestly advised to do this by the painters, who said the color they had been putting on was rather out of date and did not harmonize with the color of our front door.

At the end of the twenty-second day Mr. Bowser came home to find that four-fifths of the work had been accomplished. He got mad and discharged the whole crowd out of hand, although the boss pitifully protested:

"Never drove a gang of men so hard in my life, and I did want to do a job here to which I could point with pride."

When Mr. Bowser came in he began to figure. I saw his hair begin to stand on end, and presently he exclaimed:

"Mrs. Bowser do you know what your foolish whim has cost me in cold cash?"

"My foolish whim? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say! I had this house painted to please you, and those infernal duffers have made it cost me about \$350!"

"Didn't I protest about having it painted?"

"Protest! No, ma'am—you encouraged me!"

"Mr. Bowser!"

"There you go! Lay everything to me, as usual! Any husband who humors the whims of his wife will come out just as I have! Mrs. Bowser, don't fool with me any more! I've borne and borne, but there is a limit. The worm will turn at last. I'm ready to turn!"

A STATESMAN SPEAKS.

No man in the South was more generally or more favorably known, and no man's opinion was more highly revered than that of late ex-Governor Perry, of South Carolina. For some time previous to his death, Governor Perry was a sufferer from indigestion. He took Dr. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic and wrote the following letter:

SARS SORCI.

Gentlemen:—I most cordially recommend Dr. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic. For several years past I have been troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia. My son, Dr. Hext M. Perry, of Philadelphia, who knows the ingredients which compose your tonic, spoke favorably of it. In the course of two months past I have used four bottles, and am entirely relieved. Yours truly, &c.,

Dr. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic is sold by Dr. L. W. Nettles, Forester, S. C., and J. G. Dinkins & Co., Manning, S. C., at 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.

FOR DYSPEPSIA Use Brown's Iron Bitters. Physicians recommend it. All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

\$20 WILL PURCHASE A CHAMBER SUIT, A PARLOR SUIT, AND—

\$32—Will Purchase a Beautiful—\$32 PARLOR SUIT, AT—

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We make no special leaders, as all our goods are leaders. Our line of

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are unequalled in style and quality, embracing all the season's novelties. A handsome line of the latest styles in Ladies' and Misses Cloaks. In our

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will be found a cheap selection of the best makes. Sole agents for Hough & Ford's Ladies' and Misses' Shoes, the celebrated Hess Shoes for men, the W. L. Douglas Shoes, and several other leading makes. In our

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We are the sole manufacturers of this delicious and healthy beverage, which after having been analyzed by all the eminent chemists in Atlanta, Ga., during "Prohibition" and after the most searching scrutiny for traces of alcohol, was allowed to be sold free of State and city license, and so also more recently after further analyzing in Florida. It fills a long felt want for a stimulant and appetizer that is not intoxicating; pleasant to the taste, contains nourishment and is specially suited for persons of weak and delicate constitutions. It has the taste of Lager beer of the finest flavor; besides, to add to its purity and medicinal qualities, is specially made of our celebrated world renowned original Artesian well water. Put up in cases of one dozen pints at \$1.25 per dozen; five dozen at \$4 per dozen, and in cases of ten dozen each at 90 cents per dozen. Cash must accompany each order. Copyrighted and patent applied for.

We have no Agents, and none genuine unless ordered direct from CHAMBER & KERSTEN, PALMETTO BRIDGE, Steam Soda and Mineral Water Works, Charleston, S. C., U. S. A.

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Good Bacon 5 cents. Check Honespun 5 cents. Soup 3 bars for 5 cents. Best Granulated Sugar 10 cents. Brown Sugar 3 pounds for 25 cents. Flour 30 pounds for \$1. These are

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## Wholesale Grocers,

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## DURANT &amp; BELITZER'S,

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In Great Variety. Cartridges, Shells, &c.

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THE CELEBRATED DUPONT'S POWDER.

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